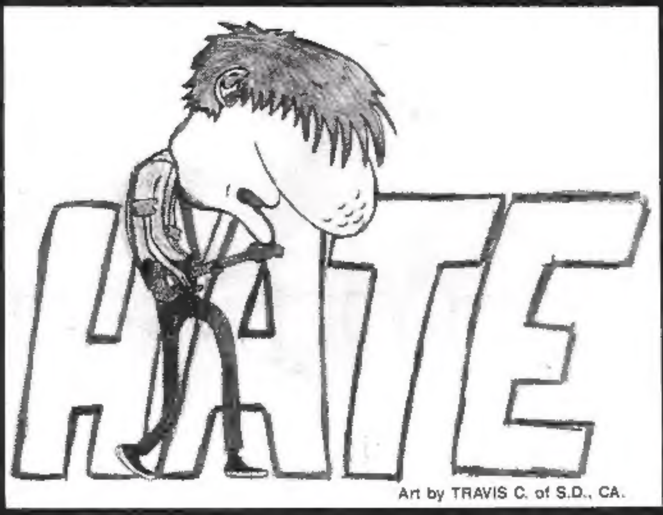
THIS IS THE WAY WE
GO TO CHURCH, GO TO CHURCH,
GO TO CHURCH,
THIS IS THE WAY WE
GO TO CHURCH SO EARLY
SUNDAY MORNING....
#11
RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE READERS
PETER BAGGE'S
$2.95 IN CANADA
$2.50
HATE
CATECHISM
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
P. BAGGE '92

#11
RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE READERS
PETER BAGGE'S
$2.95 IN CANADA
$2.50
HATE
CATECHISM
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

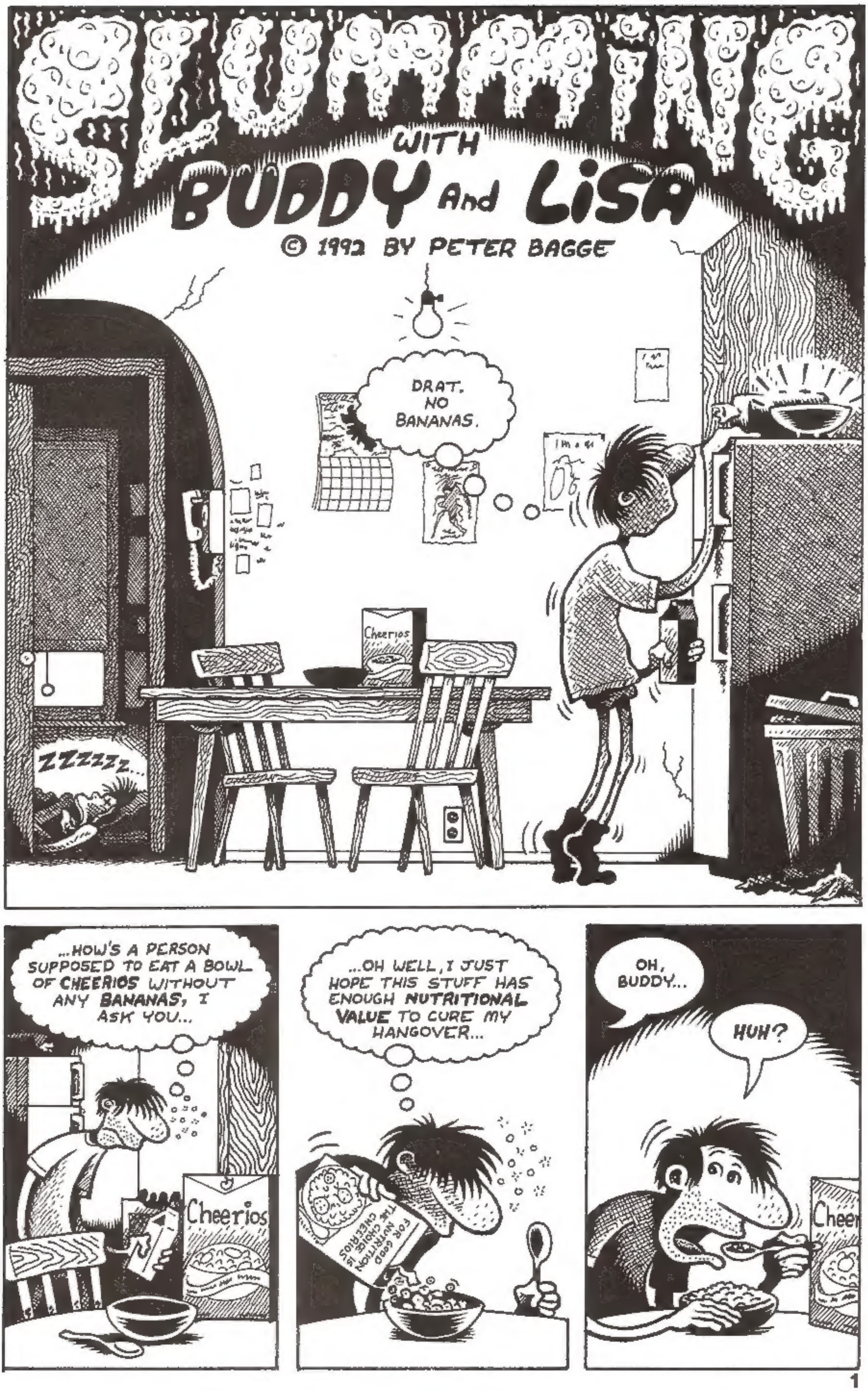


Art by TRAVIS C. of S.D., CA.

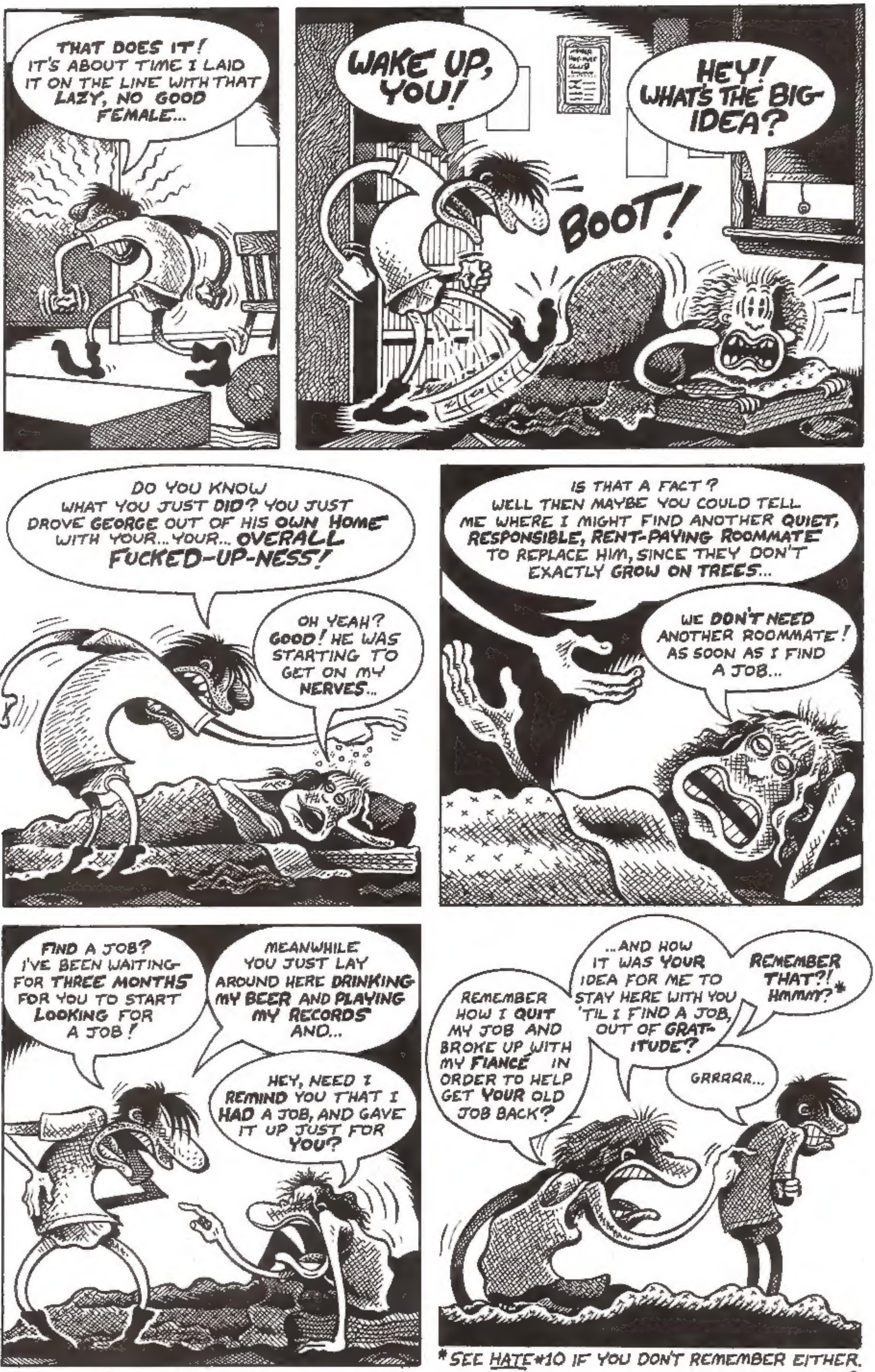
HATE #11 • WINTER 1992-1993 • CREATED BY PETER BAGGE • EDITED BY KIM THOMPSON • PRODUCTION BY PAT MORIARITY • TYPESETTER: GIL JORDAN • CIRCULATION: SHARON KINGSFORD & CARYS KRESNY • PROMOTION: LARRY REID • COVER COLOR SEPS BY RAYSON FILMS • PRINTED BY PORT PUBLICATIONS • PUBLISHED BY GARY GROTH AND KIM THOMPSON

EDITORIAL • I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY THIS TIME AROUND — I EXPRESS MYSELF THROUGH MY *ART*, FOR I AM AN *ARTIST* — SO I MIGHT AS WELL MOVE RIGHT ALONG TO MY USUAL LIST OF RECOMMENDATIONS, BOTH HEARTY AND OTHERWISE. . . I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAVE YET TO MENTION *SNAKE EYES* IN THESE PAGES! THE FIRST ISSUE IS OUT OF PRINT (THO' IT MAY SOON BE REPRINTED), BUT THE 2ND ISSUE OF THIS 100-PAGE, SQUARE-BOUND ANTHOLOGY IS STILL AVAILABLE. IT FEATURES COMICS + STORIES BY A TALENTED GROUP OF MOSTLY NYC-BASED CARTOONISTS AND ILLUSTRATORS, AND IF YOU HAVE YET TO PICK UP A COPY OF THIS MIGHTY TOME, I'D SUGGEST YOU NOT WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE. 'TIS A *BARGAIN* AT A MERE $9.95!. . . ALSO AVAILABLE FROM THE FINE FOLKS AT FANTAGRAPHICS IS *SCREW COMICS*, A SMALL COLLECTION OF STRIPS FROM THE ALWAYS HILARIOUS *SCREW* MAGAZINE, WITH A GREAT COVER BY DANNY HELLMAN, PLUS SOME LAFF RIOT STUFF BY KEN WEINER, KAZ, AND SOME PRETTY BAD STUFF BY NO-TALENT-HACK PETE BAGGE (ON THE "EROS" IMPRINT). . . ALSO OF NOTE FOR YOU BAGGE COLLECTORS OUT THERE—SO PAY ATTENTION, *BOTH* OF YOU!—IS "GROIN THUNDER!," A 2-LP SET OF TROGGS SONGS PERFORMED BY VARIOUS BANDS, OF WHICH I DID THE FULL-COLOR COVER. ALSO AVAILABLE ON TAPE OR CD, IT'S ON THE AUSTRALIAN "DOG MEAT" LABEL, AND CAN BE ORDERED FROM TWIN CITY IMPORTS, 1263 DONOHUE AVE. W., ST. PAUL, MN 55104. . . A COUPLE O' BAY AREA FANZINES WORTHY OF NOTE: *SCRAM* ($3.00 PPD. TO: K. COOPER, 690 HAIGHT STREET, S.F., CA, 94117), THE USUAL COLLECTION OF WACKY BAND INTERVIEWS, FAKE ADVICE COLS., OBSESSION W/ BAD '70S PARAPHERNALIA, AND ENDLESS RECORD REVIEWS, ONLY MUCH *FUNNIER* THAN USUAL. . . ALSO THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE THE ALWAYS ENTERTAINING *BANANAFISH* ($3.00 PPD., BOX 424762, S.F., CA, 94142) FEATURES AN AMUSING INTERVIEW WITH MY OLD PAL J.D. KING, PLUS COMICS BY THIS ISSUE'S "STINKY DATE" DARCY STANGER, WHOM I MUST'VE MENTIONED A ZILLION TIMES ALREADY IN THESE PAGES. . . ALSO WORTH NOTING FOR ALL YOU COUNTLESS STINKY DATE HUNTERS IS *BIFF BANG POW*, AN ANTHOLOGY FEATURING THE WORKS OF JESSICA ABEL, ALONG WITH MANY OTHER UP-AND-COMING CHICAGO-BASED SEQUENTIAL ILLUSTRATORS. ALL 3 ISSUES AVAILABLE FOR $3.50 PPD. EACH FROM 5110 HYDE PARK BLVD. #1, CHI., IL, 60615. OTHER CHITOWN BITS-O'-BIZNIZ: *NICE SLACKS* ($3.00, BOX 476659, CHI., IL, 60647): EVERYTHING I SAID ABOUT *SCRAM* APPLIES HERE AS WELL, PLUS ITS EDITORS URGED ME TO TELL YOU THEY'RE BETTER THAN *VOX CANIS* IN EVERY WAY! (WHICH MAY BE SO, BUT WHERE ARE MY FLOWERS?). . . *SOF BOY* IS A DEE-LIGHTFUL FULL-COLOR MINI-COMIC BY THE MULTI-TALENTED ARCHER PREWITT. HIS NAME IS A MARK OF QUALITY! I HAVE NO ADDRESS FOR IT, BUT IT'S AVAILABLE THROUGH DISTRIBUTORS, SO ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR IT. . . OTHER SELF-PUBLISHED COMICS WORTH SCANNING: *PHENICRIBE* BY ERIC SEARLEMAN ($2.50, 350 W. HAZELWOOD, PHOENIX, AZ, 85013) AND *NIB* COMICS, WHICH IS ANYTHING PUBLISHED BY RON REGE JR., AND/OR KHOI VINH (WRITE TO REGE AT 45 CHEROKEE STREET, APT. 1, ROXBURY, MA 02120). ALL I'LL SAY ABOUT THESE COMICS IS THAT THEY'RE GOOD, BECAUSE I'VE LOST MY DESCRIPTIVE POWERS AND I'M TIRED OF WRITING THIS EDITORIAL. . . 'TIL NEXT TIME! • —P.B.

HATE #11, WINTER, 1992-1993. *HATE* IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC., AND IS COPYRIGHT © 1992 FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC. ALL CHARACTERS, STORIES, AND ART © 1992 PETER BAGGE. NO PART OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS OR PETER BAGGE. NO SIMILARITY BETWEEN ANY OF THE NAMES, CHARACTERS, PERSONS, AND INSTITUTIONS IN *HATE* AND ANY LIVING OR DEAD PERSONS IS INTENDED (EXCEPT FOR SATIRICAL INTENT) AND ANY SUCH SIMILARITY THAT MAY EXIST IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. LETTERS TO *HATE* BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE MAGAZINE AND ARE ASSUMED INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION IN WHOLE OR IN PART, AND MAY THEREFORE BE USED FOR THOSE PURPOSES. FIRST PRINTING: DECEMBER, 1992. FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE, SEATTLE, WA 98115.

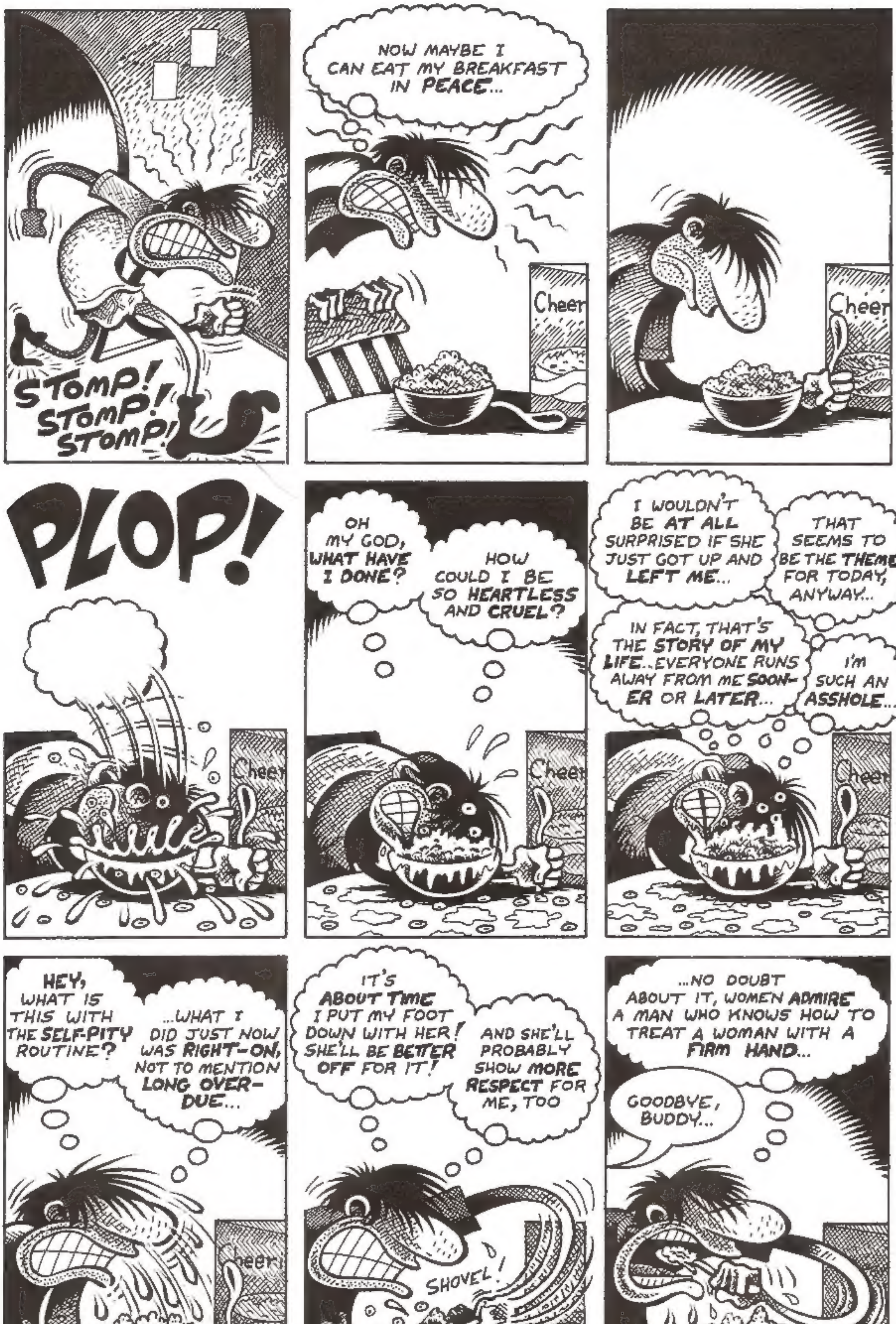

SLUMMING
WITH
BUDDY And LISA
© 1992 BY PETER BAGGE
DRAT. NO BANANAS.
Cheerios
ZZZZZz...
...HOW'S A PERSON SUPPOSED TO EAT A BOWL OF **CHEERIOS** WITHOUT ANY **BANANAS**, I ASK YOU...
Cheerios
...OH WELL, I JUST HOPE THIS STUFF HAS ENOUGH **NUTRITIONAL VALUE** TO CURE MY HANGOVER...
FOR GOOD NUTRITION THE CHOICE IS CHEERIOS
OH, BUDDY...
HUH?

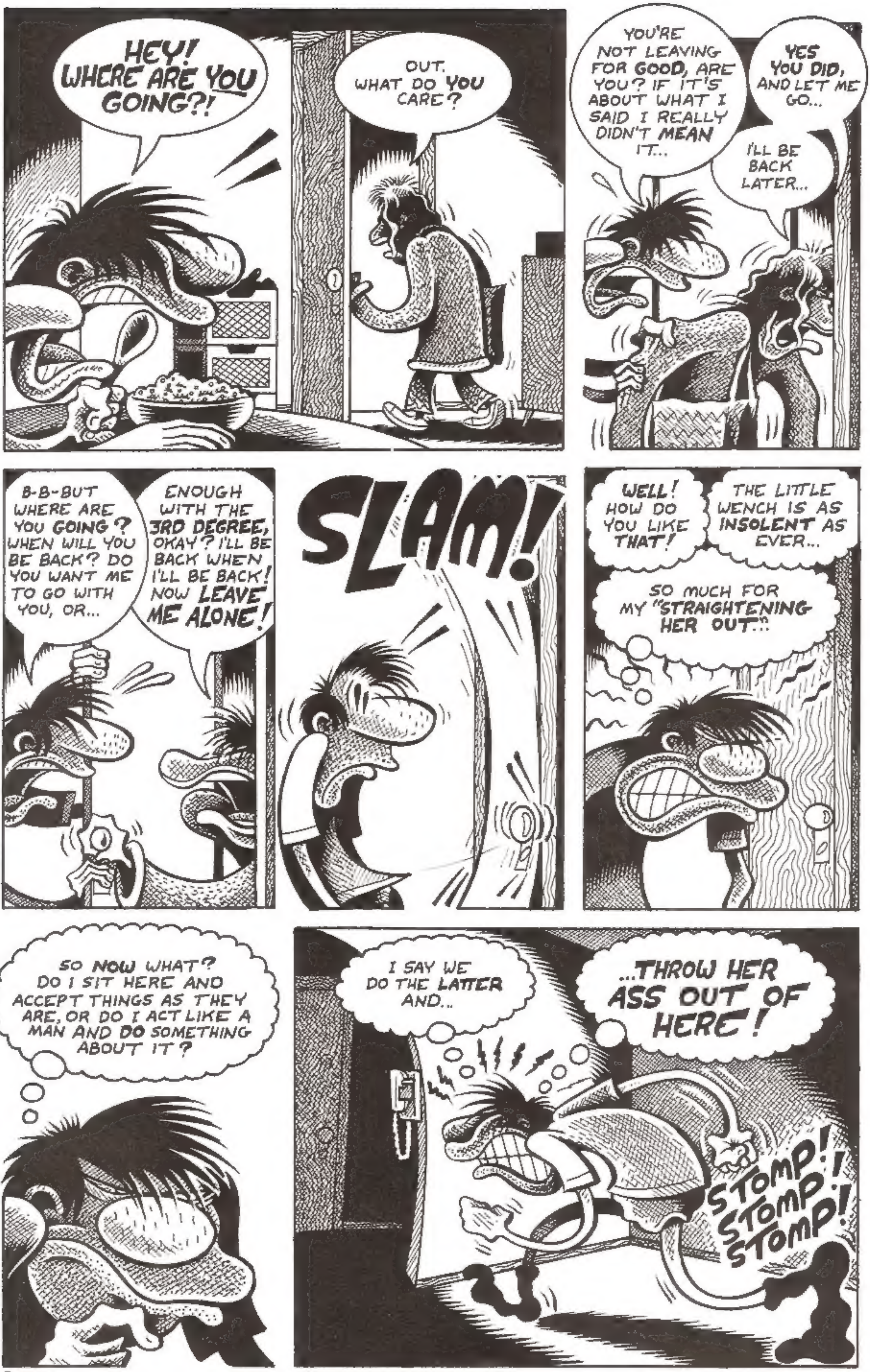
WHAT'S WITH THE SUITCASE, GEORGE? HEADING FOR PEBBLE BEACH?
...I GUESS I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT THIS UP SOONER, BUT I'VE DECIDED TO MOVE OUT...
I'LL BE STAYING WITH MY FOLKS 'TIL I FIND A NEW PLACE...
I-I DON'T GET IT. WHAT BROUGHT THIS ON ALL OF THE SUDDEN?
IN A NUTSHELL, IT'S LISA. EVER SINCE SHE'S BEEN HERE I HAVEN'T HAD A MOMENT'S PEACE. SHE'S UP AT ALL HOURS, LAUGHING, SCREAMING, BLARING MUSIC...
...PLUS THE TWO OF YOU ARE CONSTANTLY FIGHTING...
YEAH, BUT IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY! AS SOON AS SHE FINDS A JOB SHE'LL BE GONE! YOU KNEW THAT WAS THE DEAL!
ALL I KNOW IS THAT SHE'S BEEN HERE FOR THREE MONTHS ALREADY AND IS LOOKING MORE PERMANENT ALL THE TIME...
MEANWHILE MY NERVES ARE TOTALLY SHOT...
I THOUGHT STINKY WAS BAD, BUT SHE TAKES THE CAKE!
WAIT, GEORGE! LET'S NOT BE HASTY! MAYBE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT...
FORGET IT...THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO BE SAID...
EXCEPT FOR MAYBE ONE THING...
WHAT'S THAT?
...EVER SINCE YOU HOOKED UP WITH THAT WOMAN YOU'VE BEEN GOING DOWNHILL...
...YOU DRINK MORE THAN EVER, AND YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT...
SO WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
MY POINT IS THAT MAYBE YOU SHOULD CONSIDER MOVING OUT TOO, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...
OH YEAH? AND WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN? I—
I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW FOR THE REST OF MY THINGS...
HEY, WAIT! WHY DON'T WE SIT DOWN WITH A CUP OF JOE AND TALK THIS OVER, MAN TO—
SLAM!
—MAN.
GRRRRR....

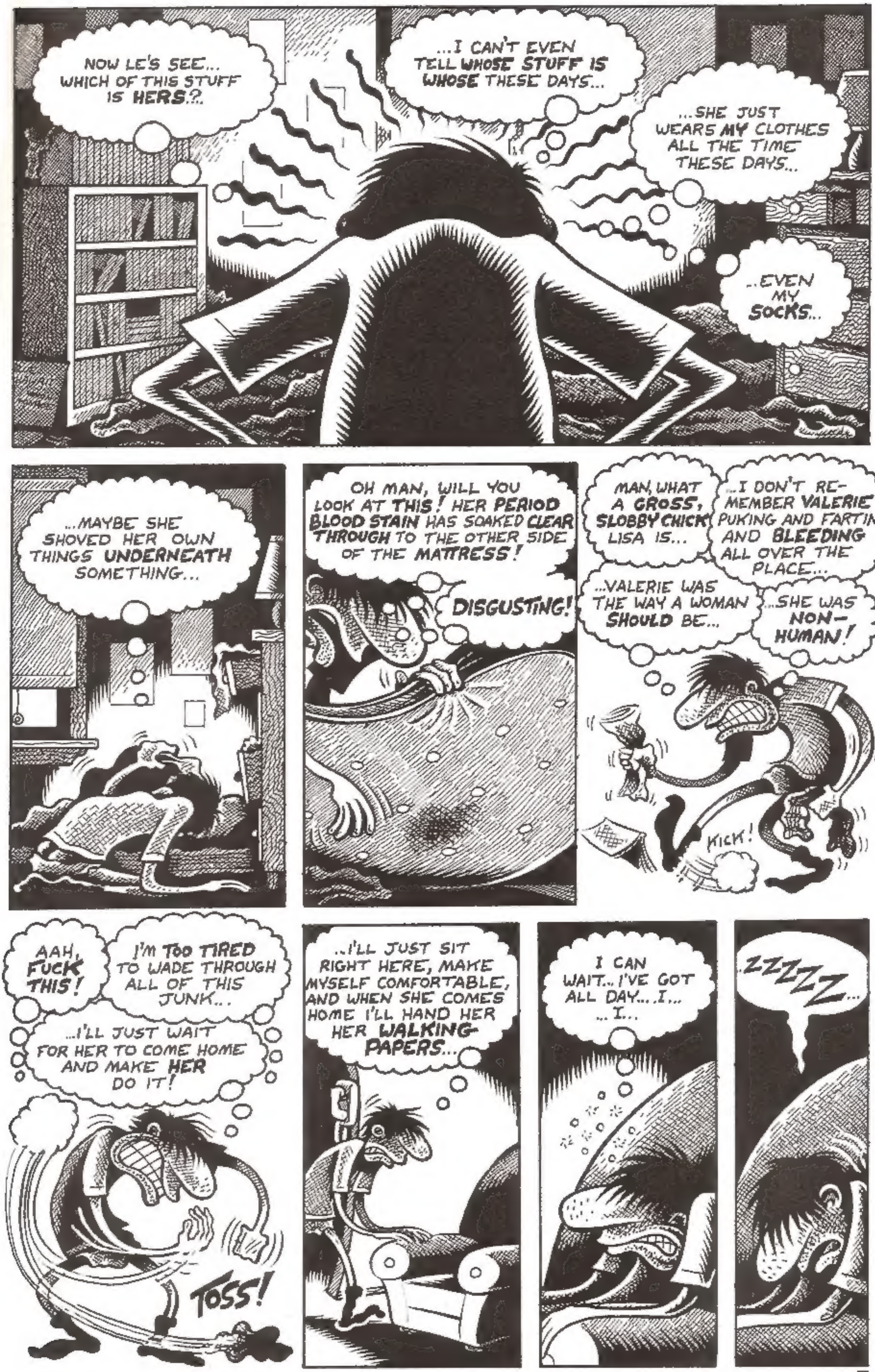


*SEE HATE #10 IF YOU DON'T REMEMBER EITHER.

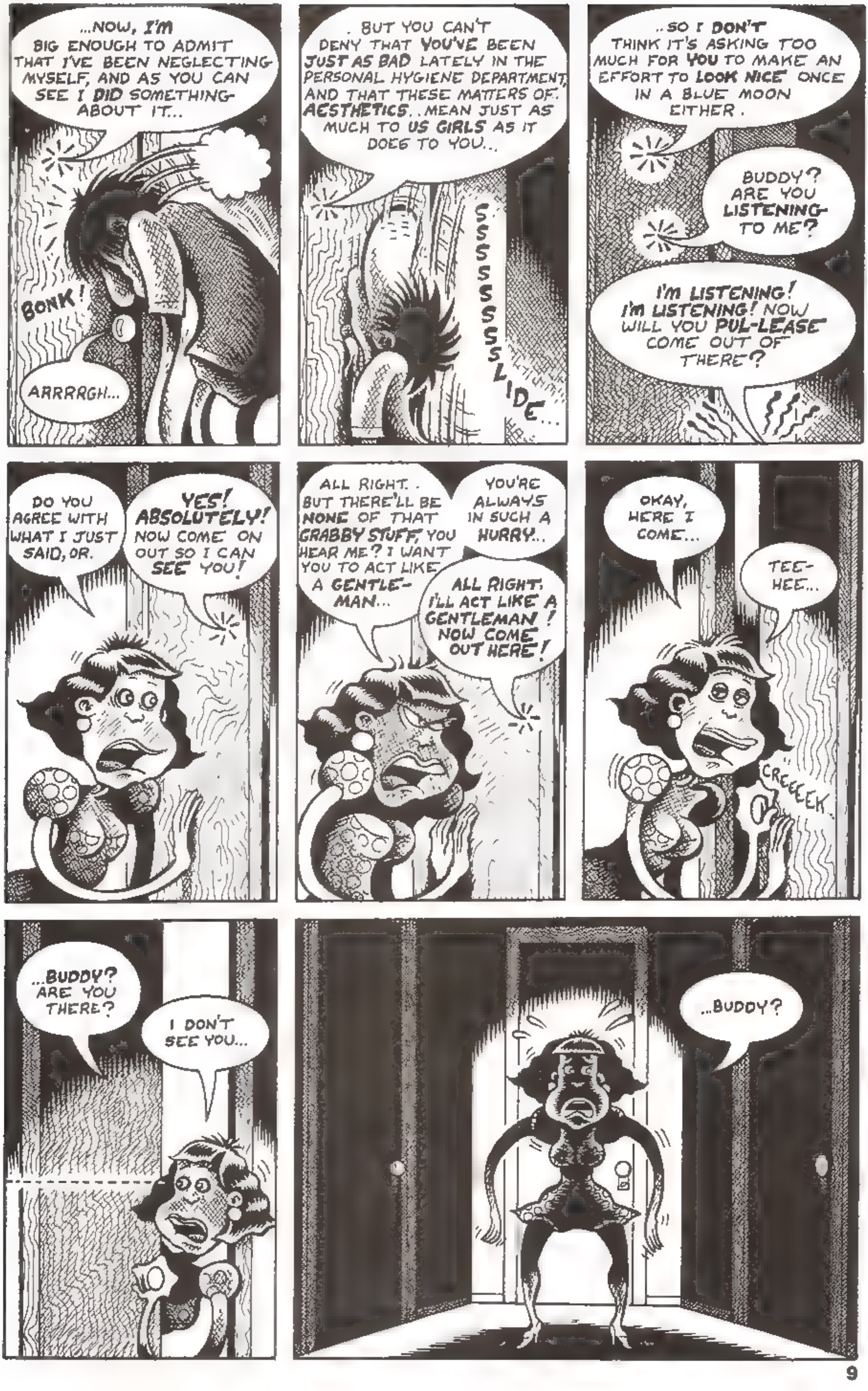
I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, LISA, BUT THAT OL' GUILT TRIP AIN'T GONNA WORK ANYMORE...
WHATEVER I OWE YOU I'VE ALREADY PAID YOU BACK IN SPADES...
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM... I'M GOING BACK TO SLEEP...
NO, IT'S YOUR PROBLEM!
FROM NOW ON THINGS ARE GONNA CHANGE AROUND HERE!
ACK!
FOR ONE THING THERE'LL BE NO MORE OF THIS WAKING UP AT THREE P.M. BULLSHIT!
SHOW SOME SELF-DISCIPLINE, FOR GOD'S SAKE...
YEAH, RIGHT...
PICK, PICK...
...AND FOR ANOTHER THING, I WANT YOU TO START WORKING ON YOUR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE!
YOU LOOK LIKE HELL THESE DAYS!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY APPEARANCE?
ITCH, ITCH
WHAT'S WRONG?! HOW ABOUT THOSE HAIRY ARMPITS OF YOURS! THEY'RE DISGUSTING!
OH-HO! SO NOW HE SHOWS HIS TRUE COLORS! "MR. ENLIGHTENED" IS JUST ANOTHER CHAUVINIST PIG!
WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE YOUR PITS, IF YOU THINK IT'S SO WONDERFUL!
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO FUCK SOMEONE THAT LOOKS LIKE ME, THAT'S WHY!
...I WANT A GIRLFRIEND WHO AT LEAST MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO LOOK PRETTY, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD...
GASP
SO SAVE ALL THAT FEMINIST CRAP FOR SOMEONE ELSE! GO FIND YOURSELF SOME WIMPY, SISSY FINE ARTS MAJOR WHO'LL TELL YOU THAT YOUR GRISLY BODY HAIR IS A BEAUTIFUL THING WHILE HE SECRETLY JERKS OFF TO LINGERIE ADS BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO LIKE IT!
SLAM!
SNIFF


STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!
NOW MAYBE I CAN EAT MY BREAKFAST IN PEACE...
Cheer
PLOP!
OH MY GOD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
HOW COULD I BE SO HEARTLESS AND CRUEL?
I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED IF SHE JUST GOT UP AND LEFT ME...
THAT SEEMS TO BE THE THEME FOR TODAY, ANYWAY...
IN FACT, THAT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE...EVERYONE RUNS AWAY FROM ME SOONER OR LATER...
I'M SUCH AN ASSHOLE...
HEY, WHAT IS THIS WITH THE SELF-PITY ROUTINE?
...WHAT I DID JUST NOW WAS RIGHT-ON, NOT TO MENTION LONG OVERDUE...
IT'S ABOUT TIME I PUT MY FOOT DOWN WITH HER! SHE'LL BE BETTER OFF FOR IT!
AND SHE'LL PROBABLY SHOW MORE RESPECT FOR ME, TOO
SHOVEL!
...NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, WOMEN ADMIRE A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO TREAT A WOMAN WITH A FIRM HAND...
GOODBYE, BUDDY...


HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
OUT. WHAT DO YOU CARE?
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING FOR GOOD, ARE YOU? IF IT'S ABOUT WHAT I SAID I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN IT...
YES YOU DID, AND LET ME GO...
I'LL BE BACK LATER...
B-B-BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK? DO YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU, OR...
ENOUGH WITH THE 3RD DEGREE, OKAY? I'LL BE BACK WHEN I'LL BE BACK! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!
SLAM!
WELL! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!
THE LITTLE WENCH IS AS INSOLENT AS EVER...
SO MUCH FOR MY "STRAIGHTENING HER OUT"!
SO NOW WHAT? DO I SIT HERE AND ACCEPT THINGS AS THEY ARE, OR DO I ACT LIKE A MAN AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
I SAY WE DO THE LATTER AND...
...THROW HER ASS OUT OF HERE!
STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!


NOW LE'S SEE... WHICH OF THIS STUFF IS HERS?..
...I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHOSE STUFF IS WHOSE THESE DAYS...
...SHE JUST WEARS MY CLOTHES ALL THE TIME THESE DAYS...
...EVEN MY SOCKS...
...MAYBE SHE SHOVED HER OWN THINGS UNDERNEATH SOMETHING...
OH MAN, WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS! HER PERIOD BLOOD STAIN HAS SOAKED CLEAR THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MATTRESS!
DISGUSTING!
MAN, WHAT A GROSS, SLOBBY CHICK LISA IS...
...I DON'T RE-MEMBER VALERIE PUKING AND FARTING AND BLEEDING ALL OVER THE PLACE...
...VALERIE WAS THE WAY A WOMAN SHOULD BE...
...SHE WAS NON-HUMAN!
KICK!
AAH, FUCK THIS!
I'M TOO TIRED TO WADE THROUGH ALL OF THIS JUNK...
...I'LL JUST WAIT FOR HER TO COME HOME AND MAKE HER DO IT!
TOSS!
...I'LL JUST SIT RIGHT HERE, MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE, AND WHEN SHE COMES HOME I'LL HAND HER HER WALKING-PAPERS...
I CAN WAIT... I'VE GOT ALL DAY... I... ... I...
ZZZZZ...

THREE HOURS LATER...
SLAM!
OH, BUDDY! I'M HOME!
ZZZZZORK! HUH? WHOOZAT?
OH, LISA, I—
BOING!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW OUTFIT? I GOT MOST OF IT SECOND-HAND...
I HAD MY HAIR FIXED, AND MY NAILS DONE, TOO...
I SPENT ALMOST ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF MY MONEY, SO I HOPE YOU THINK IT WAS WORTH IT...
..AHUMMINA HUMMINA HUMMINA...
..Y'KNOW, MUCH OF WHAT YOU SAID WAS TRUE— I HAVE BEEN LETTING MYSELF GO TO SEED LATELY, AND THAT HASN'T BEEN GOOD FOR MY MORALE...
YEAH, YEAH— WHO CARES? ENOUGH TALK! LET'S GIVE THIS NEW GET-UP OF YOURS A TEST SPIN, SHALL WE?
NOT SO FAST, BUSTER! THERE'S A FEW THINGS I'D LIKE TO GET OFF OF MY CHEST AS WELL!
OOF!
SHOVE!
AW JEEZ, LISA, CAN'T IT WAIT? RIGHT NOW I JUST WANT TO LOOK AT YOU IN YOUR NEW THREADS...
HEY! LOOK WITH YOUR EYES, NOT WITH YOUR HANDS, YOU DIRTY LITTLE...
FEEL! GROPE!
ZOOM!
TEE-HEE!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU...
OHHH, THE BEDROOM, EH? I GET IT...
ZIP!
SLAM!
CLICK!
?!? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?!
OPEN UP!
NO! NOT UNTIL YOU LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY!



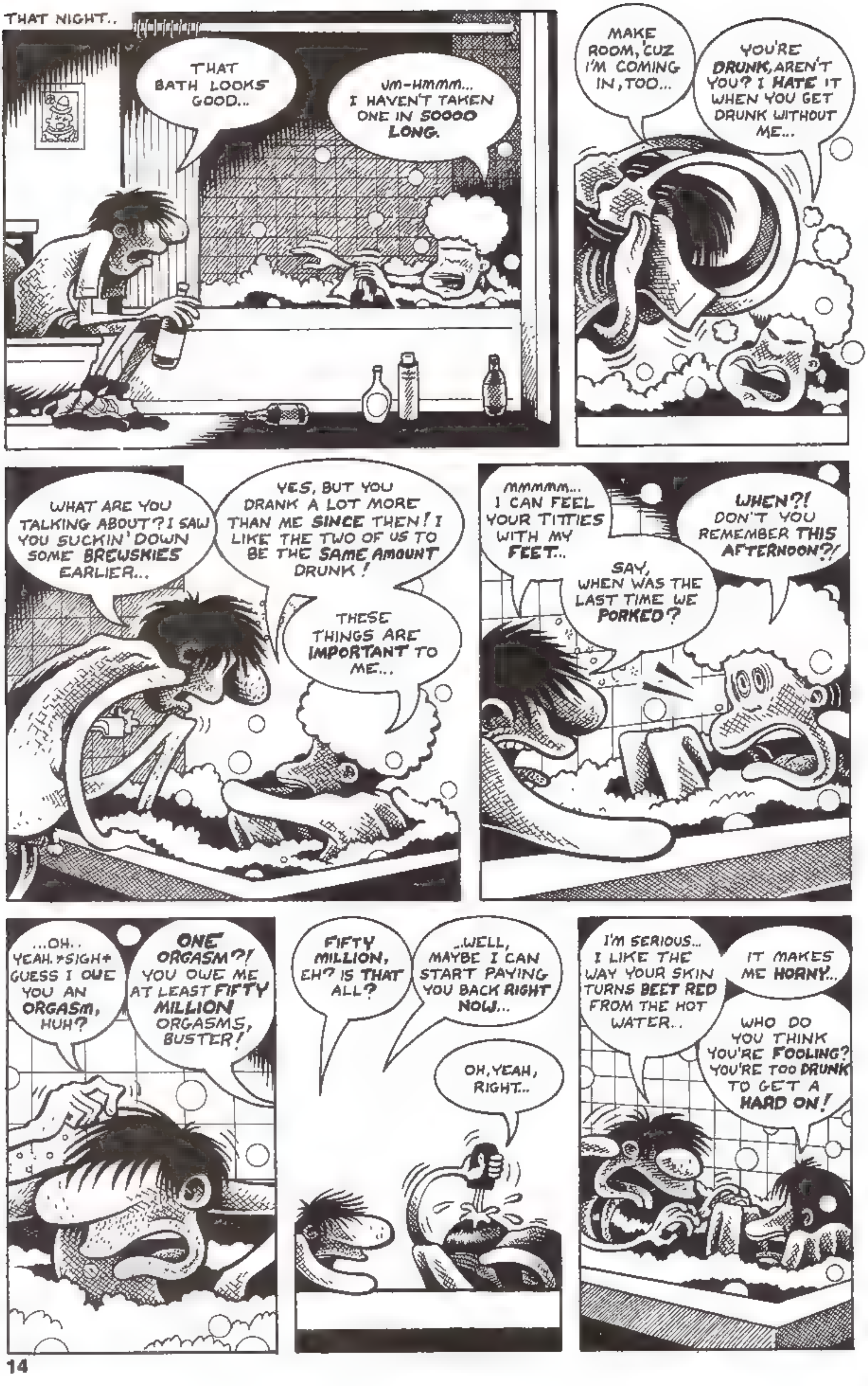
...NOW, I'M BIG ENOUGH TO ADMIT THAT I'VE BEEN NEGLECTING MYSELF, AND AS YOU CAN SEE I DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT...
BONK!
ARRRRGH...
. BUT YOU CAN'T DENY THAT YOU'VE BEEN JUST AS BAD LATELY IN THE PERSONAL HYGIENE DEPARTMENT, AND THAT THESE MATTERS OF AESTHETICS. . MEAN JUST AS MUCH TO US GIRLS AS IT DOES TO YOU...
SSSSSSSSLIDE...
..SO I DON'T THINK IT'S ASKING TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO MAKE AN EFFORT TO LOOK NICE ONCE IN A BLUE MOON EITHER.
BUDDY? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
I'M LISTENING! I'M LISTENING! NOW WILL YOU PUL-LEASE COME OUT OF THERE?
DO YOU AGREE WITH WHAT I JUST SAID, OR.
YES! ABSOLUTELY! NOW COME ON OUT SO I CAN SEE YOU!
ALL RIGHT. . BUT THERE'LL BE NONE OF THAT GRABBY STUFF, YOU HEAR ME? I WANT YOU TO ACT LIKE A GENTLE-MAN...
YOU'RE ALWAYS IN SUCH A HURRY...
ALL RIGHT. I'LL ACT LIKE A GENTLEMAN! NOW COME OUT HERE!
OKAY, HERE I COME...
TEE-HEE...
CREEEEK..
...BUDDY? ARE YOU THERE?
I DON'T SEE YOU...
...BUDDY?

YEEHAH!
EEEK!
BUDDY, TAKE IT EASY! I TOLD YOU, NOT SO FAST!
AND DON'T RIP MY BRAND NEW STOCKINGS! I JUST—
SNORT! *SLOBBER!* *GRUNT!*
RRRRRRRRIP!
GODDAMMIT, BUDDY! WILL YOU SLOW DOWN?! I DON'T HAVE MY THING IN, AND...
GRUNT. SNORT.
SHHHHLORK!
OHHH GOD...
...EEEASY, BUDDY...SSSLOW DOWN...WAIT FOR ME...
...UH, UH, UH, UH, UH, UH, UH, UH, UH, UH, UH, UH—
...DON'T YOU DARE...
UNGAWA!!!
...COME.
GOD DAMN YOU, BUDDY! I TOLD YOU TO TAKE IT SLOW!
YOU'RE SO FUCKING SELFISH!
LEAP!
FLOP!
I SWEAR I'LL NEVER GET DRESSED UP FOR YOU AGAIN! WHY SHOULD I BOTHER? WHAT'S THE FUCKING POINT?!
I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!
KICK! KICK! KICK!
OUCH! OUCH! OUCH!
...BOO, HOO, HOO, HOO, HOO HOO!...
OOOOOOH.. THAT FELT GOOD...

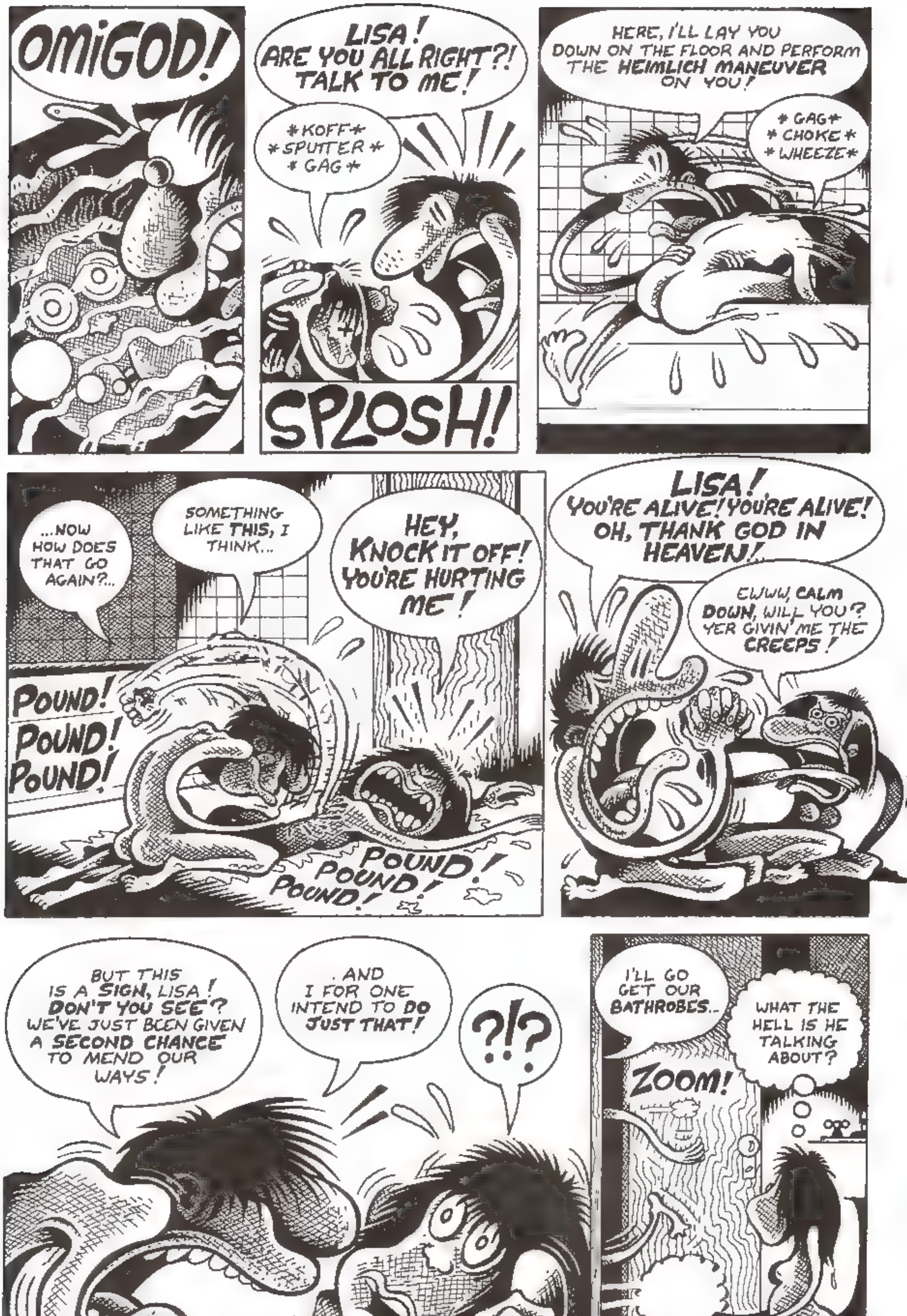
LATER, AND IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, POST-COITAL HARMONY PREVAILS...
WHATCHA WATCHIN'?
CHECK THIS OUT, LISA! THEY'VE GOT THIS FAT, UGLY, HIGHLY DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY ON THE MAURY POVITCH SHOW WHO'VE GOT SO MANY "PROBLEMS" IT'S BEYOND BELIEF!
..THE FATHER'S A BARELY COHERENT ALCOHOLIC-TYPE, AND THE MOTHER'S THIS TEARY-EYED RELIGIOUS NUT WHO'S BEEN "VICTIMIZED" BY EVERYONE AND EVERY-THING...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT IT. THAT'S MY FAMILY.
..THIS IS VERY HARD FOR ME TO TALK ABOUT, MAURY...
CAT
..HUH? WHAT?! ARE YOU SERIOUS?
I KID YOU NOT. THEY'VE ALREADY BEEN ON ALL THE LOCAL TALK SHOWS...LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE WORKING THEIR WAY UP TO THE "BIG TIME"...
...AIRING OUT THEIR DIRTY LAUNDRY IN PUBLIC HAS BECOME A SECOND CAREER FOR THEM...
SOMETIMES THEY EVEN START TALKING ABOUT ME...
....AND LISA, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME NOW, I URGE YOU TO GIVE UP YOUR PAGANISTIC WAYS AND COME HOME TO US...WE NEED EACH OTHER...
YOU SEE? THERE SHE GOES AGAIN...
THIS IS.... UN-REAL...
DROP DEAD, YA OLD PHONEY! I'LL COME HOME WHEN HELL FREEZES OVER AND NOT A MOMENT SOONER!
BOO-HOO *SOB*
YIKES!
...I...UH... ALWAYS WONDERED WHY YOU NEVER TALK ABOUT YOUR FAMILY..
SO NOW YOU KNOW...
..LAST TIME I SAW THEM WAS LAST THANKSGIVING...
BIG MISTAKE..
NEVER AGAIN.
RING! RING! RING!
UH-OH, PHONE'S RINGING... I'LL GET IT...
..THEY STILL LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE I GREW UP IN, OVER IN WEST SEATTLE...
. SOMETIMES I'LL EVEN SEE ONE OF MY COUSINS DRIVE PAST ME OUT ON THE STREET...
..THEY NEVER STOP, OR EVEN HONK THE HORN AND WAVE... THEY ACT LIKE THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW ME...
HELLO?
HELLO? IS THIS A... MR. HAROLD BRADLEY?

YES...
MR. BRADLEY, WE'RE CONDUCTING A POLL ON BEHALF OF A NATIONAL NEWS ORGANIZATION...DO YOU ACT AS THE SPOKES-PERSON FOR THIS HOUSEHOLD?
ITCH! ITCH!
I MOST CERTAINLY DO!
FINE, THEN IF YOU HAVE THE TIME I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...
FIRST OFF, HOW OLD ARE YOU?
UH... 24.
OKAY... AND WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING DOES YOUR HOUSEHOLD INCOME FALL UNDER: (A) BELOW $20,000, (B) $20-35,000, (C) $35-60,000, OR (D) OVER $60,000...
UMMM... THE LAST ONE...
OVER $60,000?
YEAH...
OHHH-KAY...
NOW, LET ME ASK YOU THIS: ARE YOU SATISFIED THAT YOUR GENERATION WILL BE BETTER OFF FINANCIALLY THAN YOUR PARENTS' GENERATION? THAT IS TO SAY...
WAIT A MINUTE—WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "SATISFIED"?
..HOW CAN ANYONE BE "SATISFIED" WITH THE FUTURE?
I, UH-HA-HA!—ADMIT THAT THE WORDING IS A BIT AWKWARD, BUT WE JUST WANT TO GET A READING ON HOW PEOPLE ARE—
OKAY, OKAY, PUT ME DOWN AS "SATISFIED".
WIPE!
WOULD THAT BE: (A) VERY SATISFIED, (B) SOMEWHAT SATISFIED, (C) UN-SATISFIED, OR...
MAKE THAT VERY SATISFIED...
ALL RIGHT. AS A 24-YEAR-OLD MAKING OVER 60 GRAND PER, I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR OPTI-MISM...
BWAAAH!
UH-OH.. LOOK, I, UH, GOTTA GO...
BUT, YOU ONLY ANSWERED THREE QUESTIONS, AND ..
BOO! HOO! HOO!
I KNOW, BUT SOMEBODY'S CRYING...
BUT-
BYE.
CLICK!

LISA? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
NOTHING... *SNIFF*.. NEVER MIND...
NO, REALLY, YOU CAN TELL ME...
OH.. *SNIFF*.. YOU'LL PROBABLY THINK I'M BEING SILLY, BUT THE REASON I'M CRYING IS BECAUSE...BECAUSE...
...THERE'S NO BANANAS FOR MY CHEERIOS! BWAAAAAAHHH!
OH...
.. I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE UPSET OVER SEEING YOUR FAMILY ON T.V...
MY FAMILY?! FUCK MY FAMILY!
LIKE I COULD GIVE TWO SHITS ABOUT THOSE ASSHOLES!
UNGH!
SPLAT!
FUME...
PLOP!
...BUDDY?
YES?
....EEEEYES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS, WE HAVE NO BANANAS TODAY!...
GET IT? HAHAHAHA HAHAHA HAHA...
GOT IT.


THAT NIGHT..
THAT BATH LOOKS GOOD...
UM-HMMM... I HAVEN'T TAKEN ONE IN SOOOO LONG.
MAKE ROOM, 'CUZ I'M COMING IN, TOO...
YOU'RE DRUNK, AREN'T YOU? I HATE IT WHEN YOU GET DRUNK WITHOUT ME...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I SAW YOU SUCKIN' DOWN SOME BREWSKIES EARLIER...
YES, BUT YOU DRANK A LOT MORE THAN ME SINCE THEN! I LIKE THE TWO OF US TO BE THE SAME AMOUNT DRUNK!
THESE THINGS ARE IMPORTANT TO ME...
MMMMM... I CAN FEEL YOUR TITTIES WITH MY FEET...
SAY, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME WE PORKED?
WHEN?! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THIS AFTERNOON?!
...OH.. YEAH. *SIGH* GUESS I OWE YOU AN ORGASM, HUH?
ONE ORGASM?! YOU OWE ME AT LEAST FIFTY MILLION ORGASMS, BUSTER!
FIFTY MILLION, EH? IS THAT ALL?
..WELL, MAYBE I CAN START PAYING YOU BACK RIGHT NOW...
OH, YEAH, RIGHT...
I'M SERIOUS... I LIKE THE WAY YOUR SKIN TURNS BEET RED FROM THE HOT WATER..
IT MAKES ME HORNY..
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING? YOU'RE TOO DRUNK TO GET A HARD ON!

...UMPF! ...JUST SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE RIDE, BABY...
HA! JUST AS I SUSPECTED! YOUR DICK IS TOTALLY LIMP!
...EWWW, AND YOUR WHOLE BODY FEELS COLD AND CLAMMY! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY CIRCULATION LEFT?
FEH... CIRCULATION... WHO NEEDS IT...
BURP!
UGH! GET OFFA ME, YA BIG LUMMOX! YER SQUASHIN' ME!
URRRRGH.. SHIT...
..HEY, LISA...
SPLASH! SPLOSH!
SIGH... WHAT?
..UH.. I... ..I THINK I MIGHT BE AN ALCOHOLIC...
URP!
NO SHIT, SHERLOCK! NOW GET OFF OF ME!
UMPF!
UMPF!
URRRRRGH...
SPLASH! SPLOOSH!
SIGH I GIVE UP...
..ZZZZZZz...
?!?
BUDDY? I THINK WE'RE SINKING...
BUDDY? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
ZZZZZz...
BUDDY! BUDDYBLUBBB BLUBBLBLum
ZZZZZz..
BLURBL BLUBBLY BLBBLUB...
?!? WHERE'S THAT BUBBLY SOUND COMING FROM?


OMIGOD!
LISA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?! TALK TO ME!
KOFF *SPUTTER* *GAG*
SPLOSH!
HERE, I'LL LAY YOU DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND PERFORM THE HEIMLICH MANEUVER ON YOU!
GAG *CHOKE* *WHEEZE*
...NOW HOW DOES THAT GO AGAIN?...
SOMETHING LIKE THIS, I THINK...
POUND! POUND! POUND!
HEY, KNOCK IT OFF! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
POUND! POUND! POUND!
LISA! YOU'RE ALIVE! YOU'RE ALIVE! OH, THANK GOD IN HEAVEN!
EWWW, CALM DOWN, WILL YOU? YER GIVIN' ME THE CREEPS!
BUT THIS IS A SIGN, LISA! DON'T YOU SEE? WE'VE JUST BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE TO MEND OUR WAYS!
. AND I FOR ONE INTEND TO DO JUST THAT!
?!?
I'LL GO GET OUR BATHROBES...
ZOOM!
WHAT THE HELL IS HE TALKING ABOUT?

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
YOU MADE COFFEE?
UH-HUH.. TRYING TO SOBER UP.
HELP YOURSELF IF YOU WANT SOME...
SIP
...OH MY, BUDDY! YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF! ARE YOU OKAY?
OH GOD, LISA! I ALMOST KILLED YOU! I'M SUCH A DRUNKEN, SELFISH, THOUGHTLESS, DESPICABLE FOOL! I CAN HARDLY STAND MYSELF!
THERE, THERE..
PAT PAT
...DON'T TORTURE YOURSELF, BUDDY... IT WAS NO BIG DEAL...
"NO BIG DEAL"?! YOU COULD'VE DROWNED! DON'T YOU HATE ME BECAUSE OF THAT?
NAH... IN FACT I THOUGHT IT WAS KINDA COOL... I NEVER CAME SO CLOSE TO DEATH BEFORE... IT WAS SORT OF EXCITING...
EXCITING?!? HOW COULD YOU CALL SUCH A PATHETIC INCIDENT "EXCITING"?
LOOK AT US, LISA! WE'RE PITIFUL! WE'VE GOTTA START CLEANING UP OUR ACT RIGHT NOW, 'CUZ WE'RE ON THE FAST TRACK TO NOWHERE!
SO WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO ABOUT IT?
WELL, THE FIRST THING WE OUGHT TO DO IS CALL UP ONE OF THOSE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS THAT TEACH YOU HOW TO WORK WITH COMPUTERS, 'CUZ COMPUTERS ARE THE KEY TO THE FUTURE, AND WE'VE GOT TO PUT AN END TO THIS HAND-TO-MOUTH EXISTENCE WE'VE BEEN LEADING...
?
POUND!
...BECAUSE I FOR ONE DON'T WANT TO BE LIVING IN A SHITHOLE LIKE THIS WHEN I'M SIXTY, DO YOU?
NO, BUT... COMPUTERS? YUCK!

HAVE A SATISFYING FUTURE!—P.B.

LET'S GIVE FASCISM A CHANCE!
WRITTEN BY AND STARRING LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN AND TAX-PAYER PETER C. BAGGE © 1992
...WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, HANNAH —WALK OR RIDE?
WALK.
—NO, RIDE!
WHEW, THANK GOD... NOW AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE TO CHASE THE LI'L MANIAC ALL OVER THE PLACE..
LET'S JUST HOPE SHE MELLOWS OUT AND ENJOYS THE RIDE FOR A CHANGE...
JUICE! I WANT JUICE!
HOLD ON, HERE'S YOUR JUICE..
HMMM, THESE PEOPLE'S GARDEN IS COMING ALONG NICELY..
GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T NOTICE MY KID PULLING UP THEIR BEGONIAS THE OTHER DAY..
T'ANK YOU, DADDY!

IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH WORK IT TAKES JUST TO KEEP ONE OF THESE MODEST LITTLE HOMES LOOKING NICE..
..AND HOW EASY IT IS FOR SOMEBODY TO COME ALONG AND TOTALLY MESS IT UP..
GLUG GLUG..
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS DEFINITELY CHANGING FOR THE WORSE. ALL THESE SWEET OLD RETIREES NOW HAVE TO LIVE SIDE BY SIDE WITH THESE BOMBED OUT RENTALS FULL OF LOUD, OBNOXIOUS ASSHOLES...
YOU NEVER USED TO SEE GRAFFITI OR BROKEN GLASS LYING AROUND WHEN WE FIRST MOVED HERE, BUT NOW IT'S A PERMANENT PART OF THE LANDSCAPE AND IT PISSES ME OFF.
CRASH!
SQUEAL!
ANARCHY IN THE UK
THE RICH
...AND WHERE ARE ALL OF THESE HOMELESS PEOPLE COMING FROM? THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S FULL OF 'EM ALL OF A SUDDEN...
FOOD GIANT
WILL STAND HERE ALL DAY FOR FOOD
HAVE 29 KIDS
..IT'S LIKE THEY CAME BOILING UP FROM OUT OF THE SEWER OR SOMETHING...
WILL SING BOB DYLAN SONGS BADLY FOR FOOD
I WANNA PRETZEL, DADDY! PLEEEZE?
I WANNA PRETZEL TOO, DAD...
HEY THERE, LIL GIRL! YOU'RE A CUTIE, YOU ARE! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ME, ARE YA? CAN YOU SAY HI?
YIKES! BUM ALERT! BUM ALERT! GO AWAY! GO AWAY! TOUCH HER AND I'LL RIP YOUR SCABBY ARM OFF AND CRAM IT DOWN YOUR THROAT, YA DISGUSTING CREEP!
DON'T WALK
HI.
TOOT!
CLANG! CLANG!
WEEOOO! WEEOOO!
WARNING! WARNING!
HEY, PAL! CAN'T YA SPARE A QUARTER?
WALK
NO!
ZOOOOm!
OH BROTHER, GET A LOAD OF THESE TWO TEENAGERS WITH THEIR "GANGSTA" OUTFITS ON
AND ISN'T TODAY A SCHOOLDAY? WHY DO I ALWAYS SEE SO MANY 14-YEAR-OLDS HANGING OUT AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY?..
YO MAN, A DUDE WIT' A KNIFE BEATS A DUDE WIT' NUTCHA STICKS E'RY TAHM.
NO WAY, MAN!
TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR..
WHEN I WAS A KID AND GOT OUT OF SCHOOL EARLY, EVERY ADULT I'D PASS WOULD SAY "WHY AREN'T YOU IN SCHOOL, YOUNG MAN?"
..IF I HAD THE NERVE TO SAY THE SAME THING TO THEM, THEY'D PROBABLY PULL OUT A GUN AND BLOW MY HEAD OFF!
JOSTLE! SHOVE!
TRY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL FUCK YOU UP — BIG TAHM!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MAN!
ROW, ROW, ROW, YOUR BOAT.

ber 23,

Arson damages pla

By STEVEN SMITH, *Staff Writer*
and
RANDY BEAM, *Managing Editor*

Peter Bagge couldn't believe his eyes when he arrived at the Wallingford Playfield Monday morning with his 2-year-old daughter, Hannah.

Sitting on the end of huge playscape in the park were two pieces of wood that use to be part of deck of the playground equipment — the wood was ripped up by firefighters dousing an arson fire.

"We come out here twice a week and I was pretty shocked to see this," said Bagge, pointing to the hole in the playscape where the fire was set. "It took a while before I figured out what had happened. A lot of teen-agers and bums come out here to drink, so I wouldn't be

Bakery manufactu
12735 28th Ave. N
Sept. 14 and a fire
that was set in grass
did about $1,500 in
office building at 8

Because of the ra
fires, businesses in
Seattle neighborho
to take precautions

A total of 943
been reported in
start of the year,
which were smal
garbage cans, du
rubbish, said
spokesperson fo
Department. Ho
bers includes 36
in the Greenwood
tween January a
as the fires set in

"There has be
we're showing

Love Letters to Hate

Dear Mr. *Bagge* (may I call you *Scrotum*?)

I hate your drawing as much as I hate T.V.

I was watching *20/20* tonite (Oct. 2) and they were complaining about *testosterone*. They paraded in front of the camera a punk with a *buzz cut* and, more importantly, a *tattoo* on the base of his skull. The *tattoo* was the "*Hate*" logo, *burned* into his thick skull, forever *branding* him a real *man*. As soon as I saw this I pulled out my *johnson* and *went at it*.

Best,

JEFF MEYER
(call me *Oscar-Weiner*)
Fort Wayne, IN

P.S.: *Hate* is my favorite comic, except for *Eightball*. *Love me for it!*

Peter,

You're really starting to "stagnate," Pete. *Hate* has been pure shithouse since #6 — 1 year down the toilet! If it wasn't for your much-needed "plug" section, I would probably consider flushing *Hate* like the loathsome turd it has become.

MARC "TIDY-BOWL MAN" PAYTON
Madison, KY

Yo Peter,

Just finished reading *Hate* #9 and believe me, I know where you're coming from when you say that you'll never do another rock 'n' roll story! After six years in the "biz" and eight issues of *Rockers*, I burned my stereo and joined the Lawrence Welk fan club.

Buddy Bradley is actually becoming likable, which is pretty scary when you think about it. Now that Val has ditched him and the band is stuck in Oakland, maybe it's time for Buddy to expand his horizons. Maybe he could become a fruit picker in Yakima, or a logger in Forks. The possibilities boggle the mind. I hope to see a visit from the family one of these days. I really miss them, especially Mom. I've always had a crush on her. It's this. . .thing. . .this attraction for middle-aged straight women. And my fantasies about Wilma Flintstone. Oh God, where will it end?

Yers fuckin' truly,

R.L. CRABB
Seattle, WA

[I wish you'd all stop begging me to bring back the Bradley family — it's so humiliating on my part. But since this rock star thing seems to have gone bust, perhaps Stinky could start writing some EROS comics, with George contributing a back-up post-apocalyptic barbarian sci-fi feature. . .

ADAM GREEN
Chicago, IL

Art by ZACK SOTO

Peter—

I was in Pensacola recently and I asked the guy of the local comic shop (Sincere Comics) if he had any copies of *Hate*. He said something like, "No, the kids don't want that stuff" and then told me that you had walked into that store a while ago and basically asked the question I did and he told you basically what he told me. He said you got sort of steamed. Now, I wonder why?

ZACK SOTO
St. Martinville, LA

[I've never been anywhere *near* Pensacola, Fla. —P.B.]

Peter,

I very much enjoyed *Hate* #9. The conclusion of "Follow That Dream" was really great, one of my favorite issues, which surprised me, because I didn't enjoy Part 1 that much. . .who knows, probably a violent mood swing, or chemical imbalance

Dear Peter Bagge,

I was recently hospitalized for cancer surgery.

My friend Bill K. brought many cubic feet of comix to the hospital. Yours were the best. They made my stitches hurt the most. I laughed too hard and needed more morphine because of your work.

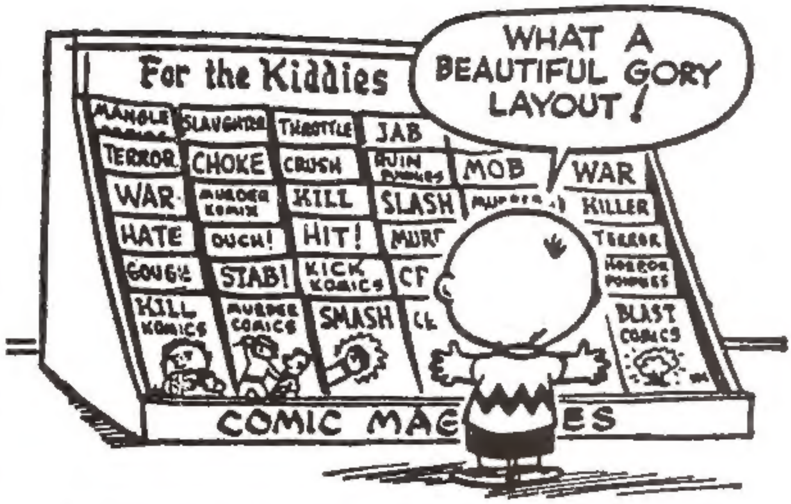
Morphine was very easy to give up, but I got addicted to *Hate*! The day after I came home from the hospital, I *had* to pick my way down one street in a C-shape (ow! ow! ow!) to Fallout to get *Hate* #9.

I need more. Where's #10? I like *Hate* and I hate everything else. I need it for chemo. I need it to recover. It's therapeutic. I need more. Thank you!

HEATHER WRIGHT
Seattle, WA

Dear Mr. Bagge,

After reading *Hate* #10 — you know, the "rape" issue — I've



Sent in by JOHN KELLY of Yonkers, NY. Peanuts is © United Feature Syndicate.

come to the conclusion that either you have recently had some woman trouble of your own or you simply have run out of ideas for a decent story line.

Don't worry, I understand you and want to help. For the next issue I offer (free of charge and out of the goodness of my heart) the following: Lisa files rape charges against Buddy with the local D.A.'s office. The case goes to trial and Buddy is convicted. While in prison, Buddy is assigned to work in the prison library. The head librarian falls in love with Buddy and since they share a cell, Buddy is subjected nightly to the librarian's sexual advances. I think it would be really cool to see Buddy get repeatedly raped and I'm sure you will agree, Mr. Bagge, that my storyline is certainly in keeping with the pathetic, jerk-off issue #10 of *Hate*.

KATE SULLIVAN
San Rafael, CA

Peter,

What's with the apparent dirt and muck you now make a point of firmly etching onto Lisa's face? Is that supposed to discourage us desperate bastards who at least temporarily long for the "waif-like Lisa slut"? Well, it works.

JOHN CASTELEIRO
Tempe, AZ

[That dirt + muck you refer to is what's known in the cosmetics industry as "blusher," and you're *supposed* to find it *bewitching*, John! —P.B.]

In issue #10, did all the characters become African-American?

PATRICK GAFFNEY
Chicago, IL

[No, everyone's wearing "blusher." —P.B.]

Attn. P. Bagge

May I extend to you my sincerest gratitude for putting the term "sweeten the pot" in quotations (issue 9, page 3, panel 3). No reasonably educated or intelligent young person, and especially not a well-read feminist such as Sasha, would ever use so archaic a phrase as "sweeten the pot" without being specifically aware of it. It is this kind of well-thought-out use of language and consideration of character attitude which makes *Hate* more exciting to read than, say *American Handgunner* magazine, *Tiger Beat* magazine, Dave Barry humor columns, or current issues of *The Uncanny X-Men*.

Thanks again, and if any assistant editorial positions ever become available at Fantagraphics, please let me know. Until then, I remain,

Yours,

ALLAN TAIT
Franklin, PA

Dear Pete,

I didn't tell you about the *Hate* T.V. show that I dreamed about. They were three pretty well-off white kids, living in a two-story house. Buddy always wore suspenders. Towards the end of the episode, they decided that they would go steal from Nordstrom's. Buddy put on a flannel shirt. . . . it was beautiful, like a homecoming. I got shivers.

TOM HART
Seattle, WA

Hey Peter,

What does it say about us that we actually know people like Lisa? If I didn't, I'd think you were worse than lying, I'd think you were *stupid*!

Yours,

LAUREN TILLINGHAST
Chicago, IL

Dear *Hate* Comix,

Hi, I have no reason to write to you except that I paid too much attention in English class and now I have no life 'cuz I'm a hapless grad student. I hope you really never do write a comic about "rock" again 'cuz it truly is all-pervasive and annoying. I myself used to be a nobody in the rock world, although I was the co-editor of a fanzine to which you, P. Bagge, contributed (*Too Fun Too Huge*). Everyone I know from way back when is famous and has hundreds of thousands of dollars and all because I or someone like me convinced them to love punk rock. Well, I was wrong! Listen to Brahms or something decent, okay?

Oh yeah — I always liked your comix and they only get more depressing every new ish.

Love,

GEORGE BOULUKOS
Austin, TX

P.S.: *TFTH* was horribly offensive (even if one of our editors was gay) and I regret it now!

Dear Peter,

I do not like your ideas about abortion with this comic. I know this is for mature readers. I have to take a fence [*sic*] to your attitude about this sensitive subject. I will no longer purchase your comics.

Sincerely,

BILL GRANCICH
Pasadena, CA

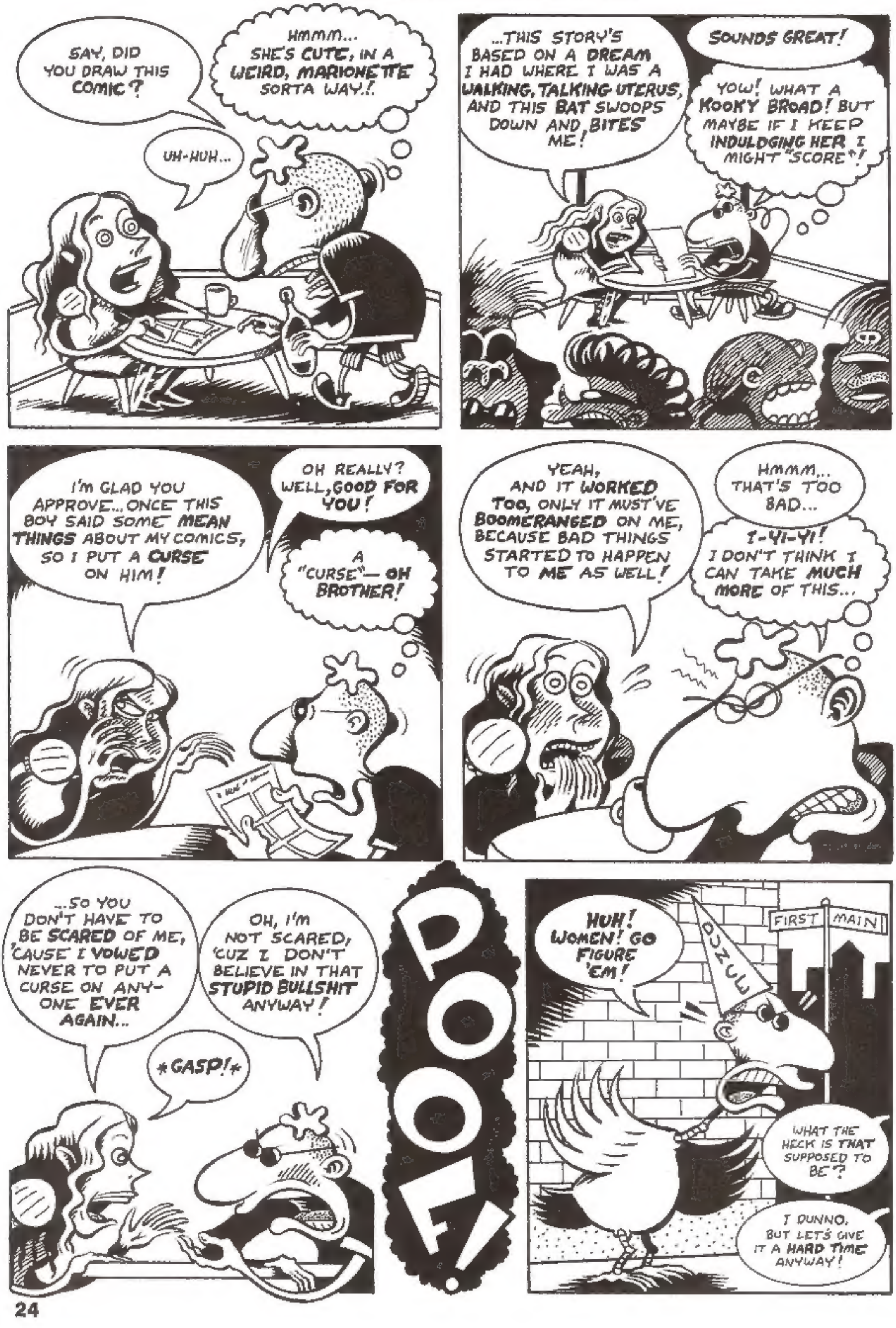
Pete—

When you see Gary Groth, tell him he can kiss my natural black ass!

AL FRANK
Austin, TX

LEONARD the LOVE GOD

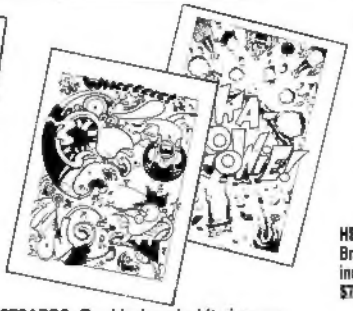
MEETS "DAME DARCY," BY P. BAGGE © 1992



DOUBLE-BAGGE ITEMS

GET IT? GET IT? GET IT?

NEAT STUFF #3, #4, #5, and #6: We're going back and reprinting *Neat Stuff* #5 in March 1993, but now #2 is sold out, so you should have ordered it while you had the chance. ($3.00 each.)



POSTCARDS: Ten black-and-white images from *Hate* and *Neat Stuff* that you can mail to your friends, or, if you don't have any friends, keep for yourself. $4.95.

HEY, BUDDY! RUBBER STAMP: Buddy Bradley captured in a diecut 2" x 2 3/4" inch stamp. Sorry, ink pad not included. $7.95

GIRLY-GIRL CLOISONNE PIN. This full-color 1 1/4" inch pin makes a perfect gift for the Girly-Girl in your life. $6.95.

STUPID COMICS: All the NEAT STUFF we couldn't fit in the other books, including Girly-Girl, Goon in the Moon, etc. $11.50

JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS: Collects tales of Junior, Chet and Bunny Leeway, as well as the notorious "Reject." $14.50

STUDS KIRBY: "THE VOICE OF AMERICA": The biggest asshole in comics gets his own book. Dare you miss it? $11.00

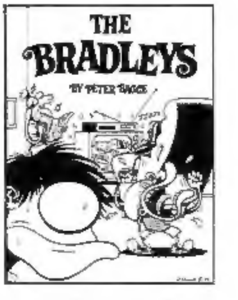
"WE ALL SCREAM FOR HEROIN" T-SHIRT: Classic image from *Hate* #8, of Buddy's first meeting with the band, rendered in color. *Much* cooler than any old Nirvana T-shirt. Please specify size: M, L, XL.

TWO BAGGE BUTTONS: "Hate" and Buddy's mug head-on. Only $2.00 for both!

5-BUTTON SET, incl. two Bagge buttons, plus more. $4.50 for all five!

HATE #1-11: Because you demanded it, and because we need the money, issues #1-5 of the HARVEY AWARD-WINNING comic book are back in print again! Don't miss your second chance at these! $2.75 each.

HATE T-SHIRT. White T-shirt with Buddy Bradley's ugly mug plastered in front and a motto suitable for the '90s. Bright black and red colors. Please specify size: M, L, XL.



NEW REVISED EDITION! THE BRADLEYS, featuring an additional 36 pages of never-before-collected comics (including "Buddy the Weasel," the full-length "bridge" between *Neat Stuff* and *Hate*) and a brand new cover! $15.95.

Send me the following (all prices include postage and handling):

- ☐ Neat Stuff #3 ($3.00) ☐ Neat Stuff #4 ($3.00)
- ☐ Neat Stuff #5 ($3.00) ☐ Neat Stuff #6 ($3.00)
- ☐ Bagge Postcards ($4.95)
- ☐ Rubber Stamp ($7.95) ☐ Cloisonne Pin ($6.95)
- ☐ Studs Kirby: The Voice of America ($11.00)
- ☐ Junior and Other Losers ($14.50)
- ☐ The Bradleys ($15.50) ☐ Stupid Comics ($11.50)
- Back issues of Hate ($2.75 each): ☐ #1 ☐ #2
- ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #5 ☐ #6 ☐ #7 ☐ #8 ☐ #9 ☐ #10 ☐ #11
- ☐ Buttons, mixed lot ($4.50) ☐ Bagge Buttons ($2.00)
- ☐ 6-issue sub to *Hate* beginning with _____ ($15.00)
- ☐ Vomit Glossary Poster ($5.00)
- ☐ Hate T-Shirt ($16.95) ☐M ☐L ☐XL
- ☐ We All Scream for Heroin T-Shirt ($16.95) ☐M ☐L ☐XL

name ____________

address ____________

city ____________

state ______ zip ______

Send to: FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115. Foreign orders enclose additional 25¢ per comic, 50¢ per book. All orders to be paid in American money (check or money order). Expect six to eight weeks delivery, as we have to spend all your money before sending you your stuff.

THIS IS THE WAY WE GO TO CHURCH, GO TO CHURCH, GO TO CHURCH, THIS IS THE WAY WE GO TO CHURCH SO EARLY SUNDAY MORNING....
P. BAGGE '92